

Miscellaneous.

Death in a Palace.

LONDON, June 25.

A dispatch from Madrid says that the Queen of Spain died this morning.

The afternoon *Standard's* Madrid correspondent, telegraphing before the death of Queen Mercedes, says: The King and members of the royal family are assembled around the Queen's bed. The Ministers were summoned to the palace early this morning and in the Foreign Office all the chiefs of the diplomatic corps are assembled. The palace gates are closed. There is an immense crowd outside the gates, held back by the guards. The scene is most impressive.

A later dispatch from Madrid to the *Standard* says: The Queen passed the later hours of her illness in a state of unconsciousness. King Alfonso remained at her bedside until the end. Deep commiseration is expressed by all classes. The Ministers will communicate the intelligence of the death of the Queen to the Cortes this evening.

[Spanish marriages proverbially are unlucky, and the sad ending to the latest Spanish marriage is not calculated in anywise to change the superstitious feeling that has grown up relative to the matrimonial projects of the reigning house of Spain. Almost before her bridal roses have faded, the young queen Marie de las Mercedes, wife of Alfonso XII., has passed away. There is not much to be told of this poor little woman who has left this world for a better, while still in all the freshness and bloom of her early womanhood. She was the third and youngest daughter of the Duc de Montpensier by the Infanta Louisa, of Spain, and was born at Madrid June 24, 1860. She was a charming little body, pure Spanish, with very black hair and eyes, fine features, and with a figure round and full; and she was endowed with a character as lovable as her person was lovely. Frank, ingenious true-hearted, she was an ideal woman, the like of whom rarely has worn royal robes. The delightful description given of her in the recently published "School Days of a Queen" (in *Scribner's*) show how entirely she won the hearts of all who came within the circle of which she was the centre. Her marriage it is pleasant to know, was a genuine love match. Such an alliance was a trifle irregular, but the Cortes smiled upon it even if some of the royal relatives did not, and on the 23d of January last the wedding was right royally celebrated, and it is pleasant to know that her honeymoon, though now ended so sadly, has been a happy one. The first announcement of her illness was made on Wednesday, the 19th, although for several days previous she had suffered from fever and appetite. On Friday she manifested symptoms of gastric fever and from that time onward steadily grew worse, her death being hastened by a violent hemorrhage. She died very quietly at last; by her side her royal husband, who was to her only a lover, not a king.]

A Nurse and two Children Swallowed by a Quicksand.

Much has been said in our daily press against the habit on the part of drivers dumping on the levee the rice chaff from the mills in the batture. We have been called upon several times to chronicle the narrow escape from death of children in these treacherous places, and yet no notice has been taken to warn people of their dangers. On Friday evening two children of a well-known and prominent citizen were told to go out and take a walk on the levee to enjoy the river breeze. The nurse holding the children by the hand, started, and reaching the levee saw across the batture what appeared to be a soft and yielding straw. This rice chaff floats and is in thickness about four feet. To the eye it looks like solid ground, covered with the hulls, but beneath this deceptive covering there is a considerable depth of water, and one step on this quicksand and the venture-some party is immediately up to his neck in the chaff, and neither by swimming nor the most violent exertion can he extricate himself. The nurse started to cross this deceptive flat, when she, with the

two two children, immediately sunk. Fortunately she touched bottom just as the chaff came up to her neck, and, by a desperate exertion, she kept the heads of the little ones above until aid came. Her cries for help were heard after awhile and all were rescued. Had the water been a trifle deeper nurse and children would never have been heard of, and all the detective skill would not ferret out what had become of them.—*New Orleans Democrat.*

A Few Hints.

Water can be kept cool for drinking in warm weather by the following method: Get fresh water, let it be kept in an unglazed earthenware pitcher wrapped around with two or three folds of coarse cotton cloth kept constantly wet. The theory of cooling water in this manner is the absorption of heat from it, by the evaporation of the moisture in the cotton cloth. Expansion produces cold, compression heat.

A French chemist asserts that if tea be ground like coffee before hot water is poured upon it, it will yield nearly double the amount of its exhilarating qualities. Another writer says, if you put a piece of lump sugar, the size of a walnut, into a teapot, you will make the tea infuse in half the time.

Wire clothes-lines are getting to be used by all persons who have found out how much superior they are to the common rope. We have had one in use more than a year. It is never removed, and if the supporting posts are firm there is no sagging. Of course it must be galvanized wire about the thickness of that used for telegraphs.

Borax is said to be superior to every thing else for exterminating the cockroach. The smell or touch of borax, it is said, is certain death to them.

To color a floor, to a strong lye of wood ashes add enough copperas for the required oak shade. Put this on with a mop, and varnish afterwards.

The French have discovered that the white of an egg given in sweetened water is a sure cure for croup. The remedy is to be repeated till a cure is effected.

Grease can be removed as follows: Put on powder of French chalk, and place a piece of blotting-paper over it; then pass a hot iron over the blotting-paper. The heat liquefies the grease, the chalk absorbs it, and the excess of grease is absorbed by the blotting-paper.

CATCHING LIONS FOR A THEATRE.

How Macomo Bagged Five Fine Fellows for D'Ennery, the Dramatist.

Macomo, a large, powerful negro of Central Africa, had been informed of the nightly presence of a lion in his neighborhood. He lost no time in arming himself with a long cutlass, and, dragging a young ox after him, arrived at the appointed place. At the usual hour his majesty appeared. The moon was at its full and the strange trio saw one another as in broad day. The lion gave utterance to a deep, significant growl, looked from the man to the ox and flourished his great tail. Macomo remained perfectly quiet for an instant, then suddenly plunging his cutlass into the ox, he raised him in his vigorous arms and threw him at the lion's feet. The wild beast made a bound, sprang upon the bleeding body, caressing it for a moment as a cat does a mouse, and then, giving expression to stifled growls of joy, he drank the blood and crushed the bones. And Macomo—what was he doing all this time? Seated quietly a few steps from his guest, he opened a little sack from which he took a bit of corn-bread and dry figs, and began his own frugal repast. When his hunger began to be satisfied the lion raised his head and looked at the man. Their eyes met. Those of the lion were filled with surprise. Those of the man were calm and smiling. The lion returned to his supper. When he was completely satisfied he rose. Macomo did likewise. The lion made three or four steps toward Macomo, who remained motionless, and looking once more at his ox, which was but partially devoured, his eyes seemed to say: "This belongs to me." Macomo bowed. A last glance, friendly this time, and the lion quietly went his way, leaving Macomo to return to his home. On the following evening, at the same hour, the African returned to the place of meeting, where the half-devoured carcass still lay, and shortly afterward the lion made his appearance, but not alone this time. As the hunter had foreseen, he came accompanied by family and friends. They were four in number—two lions, a lioness and lion's whelps. The repast was

served, but not as on the previous evening, in the open air. Macomo had built an arbor, covered with vine, banana and palm leaves, and into this pretty dining-room his guest entered fearlessly. Then crawling noiselessly within reach of a hidden spring, Macomo touched it, and his four lions suddenly found themselves imprisoned in a strong iron cage, whose bars had been hidden beneath green leaves. Friends were near at hand to aid in removing the four lions upon a cart, and they were about to commence their work when they perceived a new lioness, crouched down upon the sand and licking her whelps between the iron bars. When the men raised the cage upon the cart she looked at them beseechingly, and when they all marched on she followed at a short distance with drooping head and tearful eyes. And thus it is that we have five lions instead of four at the Theatre Porte Saint Martin, five terrible, ferocious beasts, ready to revolt at any moment, and, although Macomo enters their cage and dominates them to a certain extent, they have not forgiven him for taking advantage of their confidence in him, and would ask nothing better than to treat him as Lucas was treated by his seven lions in the last days of the Hippodrome—simply tear him to pieces. M. D'Ennery, not I, is responsible for the details of this interesting history. He seems to believe them and many others have followed suit.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Prof. Kerr.

Rev. Dr. Pritchard, who is corresponding editor of the *Biblical Recorder*, has this kind mention of the State Geologist:

"He is a decided Christian, and a gentleman of varied, accurate and extensive knowledge, and few men have served their State and generation to better purpose. Of course, many complaints are preferred against him as the State Geologist; this is inevitable, first from the fact that the State is large, and it would require the age of a Methuselah for one man to visit and inspect every part of it; second, he has had but very limited resources at his command—the exchequer of the State since the war has allowed but small appropriations; and third, his health, never robust, has seriously declined for the last four years."

He is entitled to this statement. We have known him long and esteem him highly. He has done a comparatively quiet but real and important work for North Carolina. His labors are precisely of a kind that cannot be seen at a glance, but must be followed up and inquired into to be appreciated. We know the fact that his work which was published concerning the mineral and other resources of North Carolina is not only very valuable, but it has been warmly received in other States, both North and South. We have seen excellent notices of it in leading publications of Virginia and Missouri, in which it was urged upon those States to follow the example of our own State, and have just such a survey and such a publication made for their respective States as Prof. Kerr has made for North Carolina. We think it is to be regretted that a much larger edition of his very valuable work was not published. We believe the Legislature would act wisely if it were to have an edition of at least 5,000 copies printed for free distribution. Inquiry from abroad is of en made as to where it can be purchased.

There is too much disposition on the part of our people to complain of Prof. Kerr's want of energy, &c. This is a mistake. He is an excellent worker, and he does a good deal of labor. The real trouble is, he has a vast territory in which to work. It stretches for five hundred miles in one direction. There are ninety-four counties. He can only do so much, but what he undertakes is well done, we have reason to believe.

North Carolina leads in but few things. She is ahead of most States in the very department over which Prof. Kerr presides so ably and efficiently. The abolishing of his office or the loss of his services would in the end prove an affliction.—*Wilmington Star.*

Our trade with England in beef and mutton this year, it is said, will amount to over \$8,000,000.

The fossil remains of a reptile 120 feet long, have lately been found in Southern Colorado.

Mr. Sullivan, a Burr Oakes (Illinois) farmer, is tending sixteen thousand acres of corn this year.

In twelve months railroad cars have been exported to Chili from this country to the value of \$174,975.

Gossip by Roberts.

Among the many things on this green earth to stir the ire of poor human nature, washwomen are the worst. An average shrewd, intellectual, persevering washwoman will destroy more faith in human nature in one month than years of philanthropy will build up. The only arithmetic they know is subtraction and the way ones handkerchiefs and collars disappear causes the sad-eyed observer of mankind to wait in agony, and ask himself pensively if there is another and better world. They will keep your clothes until the last moment, and then smile blandly while you give a piece of your mind. If you grasp a collar and ask her if she calls that "done up," the smile becomes hastened to assure you that she does. I am naturally meek and mild, and I only weep gently when a villainous washwoman, taking advantage of Bob Ingersoll's theory, brings me five collars instead of six, and seems to think she is deserving of great praise for bringing any back. I moan quietly to myself when I find a hole in my best handkerchief, and am told, "I jerked it off the line kinder quick like." I deal gently with the erring when I find the cuffs are not mated. I make no remark when I find the cuffs are not mine at all. All these things I bear with achristian resignation, born only through an excess of early piety; but when she brings me a collar with a button-hole in the back my gentle nature rebels, and I go out in the backyard and commune with nature a spell. A reckless and infuriated old washwoman dumped— for there is no other word to describe the manner in which they get one's clothes out of the basket—my things last week on a sofa, and then disappear before I discovered that wicked collar with a button-hole in the back, and again I wept because I was not a man and had a boot-jack handy. A boot-jack is one of the nicest things in the world to ease one's temper. It is easy to pick up and handy to throw, and it makes a noise that is relieving to one's feelings. Taking them all together, they are soothing little things to have around.

Another set of beings that prevent this world from being an earthly paradise are the chambermaids. They are a secret, sly enemy to their race; a well-regulated one, who understands her business, will, in a short time, pull down a structure of christian fortitude and equanimity that it has taken years of pious training to rear. She will make your bed in such a way that your night is spent in climbing out of a valley in the center to a mountain each side, only to roll back again. No human persuasion can make her tuck the clothes in firmly at the foot, and she makes a point of putting the very thing you want where no one could find it. She will chuck your slipper clear under the bed, and thereby cause you to amuse yourself by getting down on your hands and knees and raking them out. Anyone who can go through this operation, with the thermometer fooling among the nineties, and still be a good Universalist, has strong religious faith. She will take the very newspaper you wanted, and which you had folded and placed under a book, tear it in two, put one half on your washstand, and make the other half do like service in Jones' room; and when gently remonstrated with, will say, "There was nothing in it anyway." If she can spill your ink she feels that life is not all a blank. She will comb her hair with your comb and brush it with your brush. She will try the perfumery in every room, until by the time she gets through she is a perambulating city of Cologne, that has forty different smells.

Among the aggravating things of life are matches. For small and apparently harmless looking things they have been the cause of more people falling from grace than anything I can think of. They were never known to be just where you left them, and if you have only one it will flash up as if laughing at you and then go straight out. It is a pleasant experience to go home late at night, grope your way through dark halls into your room, and put your hand on the stand where the matches ought to be, but are not, the chambermaid fiend having put them somewhere else. You go rooting around the room, bump your head against the wardrobe door, which is open—wardrobe doors always are open—fall over a table that has been put there while you were out, knock your shins against the rocking chair, finally ending up festivities by knocking over the wash-pitcher, the crash of which awakes a "well-spring of pleasure" in the next room, which howls as only "well-springs" can; you hear Miss Simmons across the hall getting up to look at the clock to see what time it is, and you know

she will tell at the breakfast table, "That beast of a Robeson was drunk last night, and pitched things around awful," and you creep into bed wondering what you were born for, anyway.

The Court of Assizes in Valoh, Russia, had the case presented of a boy of nine who had murdered his mother. The latter, since the recent death of her husband, had permitted herself an intimacy with a Government functionary, which her son became aware of, and by which he was deeply mortified. He brooded over his mother's conduct, and begged her to change her course. The mother laughed, and without further listening told him to meddle with matters that concerned his age. The boy resolved on her death, and dug a grave for her. One night he entered her room with a hatchet, and, after contemplating the sleeping woman, and praying for her, fell asleep himself. His mother found him in the morning with the hatchet by his side. She questioned him with alarm regarding the hatchet. He gave a satisfactory excuse, and renewed his supplications for a cessation of her bad conduct. She told him to hold his tongue. On the night following he killed her as she slept, with a single blow of the hatchet, and dragged her to the grave he had prepared. A search was made by the police, and the freshly stirred earth with which the boy had filled the cavity excited suspicion. The body was found, and the boy was arrested.

Arizona's Mineral Wealth.

Arizona people tell marvelous stories about the gold and silver mines of that territory. A correspondent says that not less than twenty thousand mines have been located, hardly one of which will yield less than one hundred dollars a ton, which is twice the yield of the famous Comstock lode of Nevada. If this be true, it is by all odds the richest mining district in the world, and when reached by railroads, as it will be a few years hence, the products will be enormous. It is also reported that great beds of anthracite coal have been found at different points. The territory is larger than the States of New York and Pennsylvania.—*Shipping List.*

General Fremont's salary as Governor of Arizona will be twenty-five hundred dollars a year.

The Government is making its preparations to take the next census. It will be in 1880.

The entire amount of gold in the world at the present is estimated at nearly \$7,000,000,000 of value in United States coinage.

There has been 36,727 business failures in the United States during the past five years. The liabilities amounted to nearly \$1,000,000,000.

It is said that there are over \$1,000,000,000 private in the banks of England, drawing not more than 1 per cent interest—deposited simply for safety.

The President of the French Geographical Society will present the Cross of the Legion of Honor to Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, at the Sorbonne to-day.

Prince Gortschakoff is being seriously urged by his physicians and members of his family to proceed to Widdbad, the waters of which place have frequently done him good.

A dispatch to the London *Times* from Amsterdam says an American has been arrested there for offering to sell Russian bonds of 1862 to the amount of \$10,000, which were stolen last year at Calais, France.

The estimated value of the late William Cullen Bryant's estate is \$350,000, and, with the exception of a legacy of \$8,000 and four acres of land to the overseer of his farm, and \$200 to the latter's son, the property is bequeathed to his two daughters.

Miss Eliza C. Ball, daughter of Thomas Ball, the eminent American sculptor, has just been married at Florence, Italy, to William Cowper of Norfolk, Va., who is himself a promising young sculptary. He has been studying for nearly four years at Munich, Bavaria and later with a son of Hiram Powers, and with Mr. Ball himself.

Readers of the Cultivator engaged in poultry raising, should heed this useful suggestion: "Put a tablespoonful of sulphur in the nest as soon as the hens or turkeys are set. The heat of the fowls causes the fumes of the sulphur to penetrate every part of their bodies, and every louse is killed, and as all nits are hatched within ten days, when the mother leaves the nest with her brood, she is perfectly free from nits or lice."

INSURANCE.

THE READERS OF THIS PAPER.

WHO want their LIVES INSURED, or any kind of Insurable Property, insured against Loss by Fire, are cordially invited to send their applications to us. Having had 12 years' Experience, paid all our losses promptly, and representing the best of Companies, whose assets exceed One Hundred Million of Dollars, we can and do offer very great inducements to our Patrons.

—We want Active and Reliable Agents in every County.

P. F. PESCU & SON,

GENERAL AGENTS, RALEIGH, N.C.

Seven Substantial Reasons

Why you should Insure in the

Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1st. Because it is one of the oldest Companies in the country, and past the day of experiments.

2d. Because it is a purely Mutual Company, every Policy Holder a member of the Company, entitled to all its advantages and privileges, having a right to vote at all elections for Trustees, and thus has an influence in its management.

3d. Because it has a large percentage of assets to liabilities as any Life Insurance Company in the country.

4th. Because, by economical management, its ratio of expenses to total income is far below the average of the Companies. (See Official Insurance Report.)

5th. Because it has declared more dividends to holders, and of a larger average percentage, than any other Company in the United States.

For example: Policy No. 15, for \$500, has been paid to the widow of a Philadelphia Merchant upon which twenty-three dividends had been declared, averaging fifty seven per cent. Had these dividends been used to purchase additions to this Policy, \$8,46 more would have been realized, making the Policy worth \$1,046.

6th. Because it is liberal in its management, prompt in its settlements, and beyond a contingency, and its rates are as low as any first-class Company in the country.

PRINCIPAL FEATURES: Small expenses, absolute security, large return premiums, prompt payment of losses, and liberal to the insured.

J. D. BROOKS, Gen'l Agent

For Western North Carolina, Statesville, N.C.

GEO. P. MCNEILL, Gen'l Agent

For Eastern North Carolina, Fayetteville, N.C.

Agents Wanted by both the above General Agents, to work in their respective territories. Liberal contracts made.

Mar 7-12m

MISCELLANEOUS.

Send for prices.

New-Berene, N.C.

April 11

W. J. & S. R. STREET, JR.,

Brokers of

POLAND-CHINA,

For the sale of Corn, Cotton, Oats, Peanuts, Lumber, &c., having located at Nos. 20 and 22 Commerce street, would respectfully solicit consignments of Produce generally.

Will endeavor to make sales at the highest market prices and render prompt returns. Liberal advances made on consignments of produce in hand.

Refer by permission to Hon. Jno. B. Whitehead, President Exchange National Bank, of Norfolk, Va.; Col. Walter H. Taylor, President Marine Bank; Col. J. E. Barry, President People's National Bank; W. F. Allen & Co., wholesale grocers; Hamburg Bros., wholesale tobaccoists, Norfolk, Va.

nov25-1yr

FOR SALE.

Four Thorough-bred (from imported stock) Southdown Buck Lambs.

Address: D. WHITE,

Model Farm, High Point, N.C.

may16-8w

WHITELAW & CAMPBELL,

DEALERS IN

ITALIAN and AMERICAN MARBLES,

Opposite the Yarbrough House,

RALEIGH, N.C.

Monuments, Head-Stones, etc., constantly on hand or designed and executed to order.

Orders solicited and promptly attended to.

feb 7-1y

ENGINES,

BOILERS and MACHINERY,

NEW AND SECOND HAND

Lanes' Patent Saw-Mills and Set Works,

PORTABLE GRIST MILLS,

PLANING MACHINES,

STEAM PUMPS,

BOILER FEEDERS, &c.

Mill Gearing and furnishing a specialty.

Send for circulars and descriptive price list of second hand machinery and names of our patrons.

RAHM & HUNTER,

Richmond, Va.

Jan 17-1y

NEWSPAPER.

THE

"Raleigh News."

Oldest Daily Newspaper in Raleigh.

FIRST-CLASS DEMOCRATIC PAPER.

Gives the Latest News by Telegraph and Mail from all Parts of the World; and Contains Full and Reliable Market Reports.

July 1 year - - - \$5.00

" 6 months - - - 3.00

" 1 month - - - 1.00

Weekly 1 year - - - 1.00

Address,

"THE NEWS,"

Oct25-tr, Raleigh, N.C.